

EVA: My mother from Germany gave them to me.

LIL: To look after for her or have for yourself?

EVA: Same difference now.

LIL: We're still trying to track them down, aren't we? Still writing all those letters. Why are you so keen to give up?

EVA: It was all over a long time ago.

LIL: It isn't over till you know for sure.

EVA: I do know for sure.

LIL: Miracles can happen.

EVA: I don't believe in miracles.

LIL: It sounds to me like you don't want to.

EVA: I will sell them, Mum. There's better things the money could be spent on.

LIL: Like what?

EVA: To pay for my school uniform and books and everything. To help you out. Nora's earning now. I'm not.

LIL: Don't do it for me. I've never expected a penny off you. I had enough of that when I was a kid. Mum putting us out to work the minute she could, taking bed and board. I don't want your money.

EVA: I want to pay my way for myself as much as I can.

LIL: And I want to keep you. Like no one ever kept me. I don't care if it's hard. I'll do right by you. Somebody has to in this godforsaken world.

EVA: You've already done more than all right by me.

LIL: I've not finished yet.

EVA: D'you mind if I go now?

LIL: Just make sure no one cheats you.

EVA exits.

EVELYN and LIL have finished tearing. Knocking on the door.

FAITH: Off. Let me in. Please, let me in.

EVELYN nods. LIL opens the door. FAITH enters. **← START**

FAITH: *Smelling the air,* I thought you'd booth given up smoking.

EVELYN: We're going to clean this room up now.

FAITH: I didn't mean to shout at you like that.

EVELYN: It's over and done with.

FAITH: I'm sorry.

EVELYN: It's forgotten.

LIL tidies around the box of torn papers.

FAITH: What have you done?

EVELYN: I've put an end to the trouble.

FAITH: You've torn up those letters and photos...

EVELYN: It's the only way forward.

FAITH: *To LIL,* How could you let her do this?

LIL: It's what we both think is best.

FAITH kneels down and stares at the pieces. She tries to gather and fit them together.

EVELYN: Don't get yourself all worked up now, darling.

FAITH: Weren't these family documents...I mean...more than that...historical documents?

EVELYN: I know what they were.

LIL: *To FAITH, You're not doing a very good job of making up, Faith.*

FAITH: *Picking up scraps of paper from the floor, Look at these remains. Where's the body for these feet? The hand for these fingers?*

LIL: *To EVELYN, No one's accusing you, love.*

FAITH: But...weren't these things...sort of...entrusted to you? Why didn't you look after them?

EVELYN is silent.

FAITH: Why didn't you pass them on to me?

EVELYN: I can do what I want with my own property.

FAITH: But how do I know what went before without them? How does anyone know? What proof is there? I could all be make-believe, couldn't it?

EVELYN: You know, Faith, there are hundreds of books on the subject. Read some of those if you must have a morbid interest in past events.

FAITH: Now they're just numbers lost in the millions. Who's going to be able to take care of their memory?

EVELYN: Are you going to go on at me about this for the rest of our lives?

FAITH: Did they die for you to forget?

EVELYN: Why are you being so cruel?

FAITH: Destroying these was crueler.

EVELYN: Do you think I don't know that?

FAITH: Why did you do it then?

EVELYN: Because and I don't expect you to begin to understand this it helps me. It gives me something I can do in the face of it all.

FAITH: It can't change what happened though, can it?

EVELYN: Do you want to draw blood?

FAITH: Not blood.


EVELYN: Well, blood is all I have left. Gallons and gallons of the freezing stuff stuck in my veins. One prick, Faith and I might bleed forever.

FAITH: Mother, don't ...

EVELYN: Do you still want to know about my childhood, about my origins, about my parents?

FAITH: Yes.

EVELYN: Well, let me tell you. Let me tell you what little remains in my brain. And if I do, will you leave me alone afterwards? Will you please leave me alone?

FAITH: If that's what you want... 

EVELYN: My father was called Werner Schlesinger. My mother was called Helga. They lived in Hamburg. They were Jews. I was an only child. I think I must have loved them a lot at one time. One forgets what these things feel like. Other feelings displace the original ones. I remember a huge cone of sweets that I had on my first day at school. There were a lot of toffees.